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T H E
FORCE of *RELIGION*;
O R,
Vanquish'd L O V E.

(Illustrated in the Story of the Lady JANE GRAY.)

A
P O E M.

In Two Books.

By E D W A R D Y O U N G,
Fellow. of *All-Souls College, Oxon.*

Gratior & pulchro veniens in Corpore Virtus.

Virg.

The S E C O N D E D I T I O N.



L O N D O N: Printed for E. C U R L L and
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(Price One Shilling.)

THE
FORCE OF RELIGION

Vandulph Love

(Illustrated in the Story of the Lady Jane Grey)

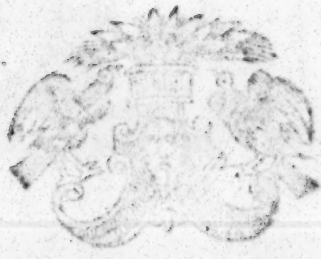


In Two Books

By EDWARD YONGE
Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford

Author of 'The Life of St. Francis' and 'The Life of St. Thomas'

The SECOND EDITION



LONDON: Printed for F. CURRIE and
J. FEMBERTON, in Fleet Street. MDCCXV.
(Price One shilling.)



TO THE
COUNTESS
OF
SALISBURY.

MADAM,



THE Nature of my Subject,
pointed out my Patroness,
and scarce left me the Li-
berty of a Choice. I hope
it may be some Excuse for my Presump-
tion, that the following Story could
not

The Dedication.

not have been read without Thoughts of the Countess of *Salisbury*, though it had been Dedicated to Another.

Vertue and Beauty met in the Youthful and High-Born Lady JANE GRAY, in a wonderful Perfection; and, as their Nature is, they mutually assisted each other. Her Beauty was more beautiful, because she was Vertuous; nor am I afraid to say, on the other Hand, that her Religion it self admitted of Advantage, and receiv'd Prevalency, as well as Lustre, from the Elegance of her Mien, and the Gracefulness of her Person.

Those good Men rather wish well to Vertue, than understand her true Interest, who think too slightly of what is agreeable to the Sight. As long as we have Passions, as well as Reason, we shall own the Force of outward Appearances; by the Misfortune of Humanity,

The Dedication.

manity, our Hearts are naturally shut against that which is *only* Good ; but when that which is Lovely joins with it, the latter makes Interest with our Senses for the Admission of the former, and the former calls in our Reason to embrace the latter ; and thus is brought about a happy Union and Concurrence of the whole Person, so miserably divided usually, and at Variance with himself. We may fix our Eyes on a fair Example of Piety, to an utter Detestation of our Vices, and Gaze ourselves into a Newness of Life.

Hence arises a double Obligation on the Beautiful to be Good ; and to see the Charms of Mind and Person separated, becomes a too just Occasion of our Concern. To behold a Person *only* Vertuous, stirs in us a prudent Regret ; to behold a Person *only* Amiable to the Sight, warms us with a Religious Indignation ; but to turn our Eyes on

The Dedication.

a Countess of *Salisbury*, gives us Pleasure and Improvement; it works a Sort of Miracle, occasions the By-asse of our Nature to fall off from Sin, and makes our very *Senses* and *Affections* Converts to Religion, and Promoters of our Duty.

There is not in Nature a more glorious Scene, than He enjoys, who by Accident oversees a Great, and Young, and Beautiful Lady in her Closet of Devotion, instead of Gaiety, and Noise, and Throng, so natural to the Qualities just mention'd; all is solemn, and silent, and private. Pious Meditation has carry'd her away into a Forgetfulness of her lovely Person, which no one but herself can forget! All her exquisite Features are animated with Religion in such a Manner, as to make any licentious Thought in the Beholder impious and shocking! All her Motions and Postures, whose Gracefulness in others

The Dedication.

others might be a Foundation for Pride, and be thought an Excuse for Omissions in Duty, are full of Humiliation, and pious Neglect! Those Eyes, which cannot be shew'd in Publick without interrupting the Business of the World, fixing Thousands in Attention, and suspending the Pursuits of Avarice and Ambition, are devoutly rais'd, and importunately fasten'd on an Invisible Object; offering holy Violence *for those good Things*, the Thoughts of which in vulgar Minds, keep Company, for the most part, with nothing but *Wrinkles, grey-Hairs, and Infirmary!* What a radiant Glimpse of Heaven is this! All the divine and ravishing Appearances, which are form'd of Angels and Saints in Glory, were at first suggested to the Mind of Man by such a Sight.

They who are acquainted with the Character of the Lady JANE, will not look on this as foreign; they that

B

are

The Dedication.

are not, but have the Honour of
knowing the Countess of *Salisbury*,
will make Another sufficient Excuse for
this seeming Digression of,

MADAM,

Your most Obedient

And most Humble Servant,

EDWARD YOUNG.



18 MA 64



THE
F O R C E
O F
R E L I G I O N :
O R ,
Vanquish'd Love.

B O O K I.

— *Ad Cælum ardentia lumina tollens,
Lumina ; nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas.* Virg.

FROM lofty Themes, from Thoughts that soar'd
(on high,
And open'd wond'rous Scenes above the Sky,
My Muse descend : Indulge my fond Desire,
With softer Thoughts my melting Soul inspire,

2 *The Force of RELIGION ; or,*

And smooth my Numbers to a Female's Praise:
A partial World will listen to my Lays,
While ANNA reigns, and sets a Female Name
Unrival'd in the Glorious Lists of Fame.

Hear, ye fair Daughters of this happy Land,
Whose radiant Eyes the vanquish'd World command,
Who, round your Queen Majestick and Divine,
Like Glories beaming from an Angel, shine,
Vertue is Beauty: But when Charms of Mind
With Elegance of outward Form are join'd ;
When Youth makes such bright Objects still more
And Fortune sets them in the strongest Light ;
(bright,
'Tis all of Heaven that we below may view,
And all, but Adoration, is your Due.

Fam'd Female Vertue did this Isle adorn
E'er Ormond, or her Glorious QUEEN was born :

When

When now *Maria's* pow'rful Arms prevail'd,
And haughty *Dudley's* bold Ambition fail'd,
The beauteous Daughter of Great *Suffolk's* Race,
In blooming Youth, adorn'd with ev'ry Grace;
Who gain'd a Crown by Treason not her own,
And innocently fill'd Another's Throne,
Hurl'd from the Summit of Imperial State,
With equal Mind sustain'd the Stroke of Fate.

But how will *Guilford*, her far Dearer Part,
With manly Reason fortify his Heart?
At once she Longs, and is Afraid to know:
Now swift she moves, and Now advances slow
To find her Lord; and finding, passes by
Silent with Fear, nor dares she meet his Eye:
Lest that Unask'd, in Speechless Grief, disclose
The mournful Secret of his inward Woes.
Thus after Sickness, doubtful of her Face,
The melancholy Virgin shuns the Glass.

At

" While *Guilford's* Wife : Thee rather I obey,
 " Than o'er Mankind extend Imperial Sway.
 " When we lye down in some obscure Retreat,
 " Incens'd *Maria* may her Rage forget,
 " And I to Death my Duty will improve,
 " And what you miss in Empire, add in Love—
 " Your Godlike Soul is open'd in your Look,
 " And I have faintly your great Meaning spoke.
 " For this alone I'm pleas'd I wore the Crown,
 " To find with what Content we lay it down.
 " Heroes may win, but 'tis a Heavenly Race
 " Can quit a Throne with a becoming Grace.

Thus spoke the fairest of her Sex, and cheer'd
 Her drooping Lord, whose boding Bosom fear'd
 A darker Cloud of Ills would burst, and shed
 Severer Vengeance, on her guiltless Head :
 Too just alas the Terrors which he felt !
 For lo a Guard ! ——— Forgive him if he melt ———

How

6 *The Force of* RELIGION; *or,*

How sharp her Pangs, when sever'd from his Side,
The most sincerely lov'd, and loving Bride;
In Space confin'd, the Muse forbears to tell,
Deep was her Anguish, but she bore it well.
His Pain was equal, but his Vertue less,
He thought in Grief there could be no Excess.
Pensive he sat, o'ercast with gloomy Care,
And often fondly clasp'd his Absent Fair;
Now silent, wander'd through his Rooms of State,
And sicken'd at their Pomp, and tax'd his Fate;
Which thus adorn'd in all her shining Store,
A splendid Wretch, magnificently poor.
Now on the Bridal Bed his Eyes were cast,
And Anguish fed on his Enjoyments past;
Each recollected Pleasure made him smart,
And ev'ry Transport stabb'd him to the Heart.

That happy Moon, which summon'd to Delight;
That Moon which shone on his dear nuptial Night,
Which

Which saw him fold her yet untasted Charms
(Deny'd to Princes) in his longing Arms ;
Now sees the transient Blessing fleet away,
Empire and Love ! the Vision of a Day.

Thus in the *British* Clime a Summer-Storm
Will oft the smiling Face of Heav'n deform ;
The Winds with Violence at once descend,
Sweep Flowers and Fruits, and make the Forest bend ;
A sudden Winter, while the Sun is near,
O'ercomes the Season, and inverts the Year.

But whither is the Captive born away,
The beauteous Captive, from the cheerful Day ?
The Scene is chang'd indeed, before her Eyes
Ill-boding Looks, and unknown Horrors rise :
For Pomp and Splendor, for her Guard and Crown,
A gloomy Dungeon, and a Keeper's Frown ;
Black Thoughts, each Morn, invade the *Lover's* Breast,
Each Night, a Russian locks the *Queen* to Rest.

C

Ah

8 *The Force of RELIGION; or,*

Ah mournful Change, if judg'd by vulgar Minds;
But *Suffolk's* Daughter, its Advantage finds:
Religion's Force Divine is best display'd
In a Desertion of all Human Aid:
To succour in Extreame, is her Delight,
And cheer the Heart, when Terror strikes the Sight,
We, disbelieving our own Senses, gaze,
And wonder what a Mortal's Heart can raise,
To triumph o'er Misfortunes, smile in Grief,
And comfort those who come to bring Relief:
We gaze; and as we gaze, Wealth, Fame, decay,
And all the World's vain Glories fade away.

Against her Cares she rais'd a dauntless Mind,
And with an ardent Heart, but most resign'd,
Deep in the dreadful Gloom, with pious Heat,
Amid the Silence of her dark Retreat,
Address her God—“Almighty Pow'r Divine!
“’Tis Thine to raise, and to depress is Thine,
“With Honour to light up the Name unknown,
“Or to put out the Lustre of a Throne.

“ In

" In my short Span both Fortunes I have prov'd,
" Nor hope the Prisoner less than QUEEN belov'd;
" I bear it all, (oh strengthen me to bear!)
" And if my Piety may claim thy Care;
" If I remember'd in Youth's giddy Heat,
" And Tumult of a Court, a future State;
" Oh favour! when thy Mercy I implore
" For one who never guilty Scepter bore!
" 'Twas I receiv'd the Crown ; my Lord is free ;
" If it must fall, let Vengeance fall on me.
" Let him survive, his Country's Name to raise,
" And in a guilty Land to speak Thy Praise!
" Oh may th' Indulgence of a Father's Love,
" Pour'd forth on me, be doubl'd from above!
" If these are safe, I'll think my Prayers succeed,
" And blest thy tender Mercies whilst I bleed.

'Twas now the mournful Eve before that Day,
In which the Queen to her full Wrath gave Way ;

10 *The Force of RELIGION; or,*

Thro' rigid Justice rush'd into Offence,
And drank in Zeal the Blood of Innocence.
The Sun went down in Clouds, and seem'd to mourn
The sad Necessity of his Return :
The hollow Wind, and melancholy Rain,
Or did, or was imagin'd to complain.
The Tapers cast an in-auspicious Light;
Stars there were none, and doubly dark the Night.

Sweet Innocence in Chains can take her Rest,
Soft Slumber gently creeping thro' her Breast,
She sinks; and in her Sleep is re-inthron'd,
Mock'd by a gaudy Dream, and vainly Crown'd;
She views her Fleets and Armies, Seas and Land,
And stretches wide her Shadow of Command :
With Royal Purple is her Vision hung;
By Fantom Hosts are Shouts of Conquest rung;
Low at her Feet the Suppliant Rival lies;
Our Captive mourns her Fate, and bids her rise.

Now

Now, level Beams upon the Waters play'd,
Glanc'd on the Hills, and Westward cast the Shade.
The busy Trades in Cities had began
To found, and speak the painful Life of Man.
In Tyrants Breasts the Thoughts of Vengeance rouze,
And the fond Bridegroom turns him to his Spouse.
At this first Birth of Light, while Morning breaks,
Our Spouseless Bride, our Widow'd Wife awakes;
Awakes, and smiles; nor Night's Imposture blames;
Her real Pomps were little more than Dreams;
A short-liv'd Blaze, a Light'ning quickly o'er,
That dy'd in Birth, that shone, and were no more:
She turns her Side, and soon resumes a State
Of Mind, well suited to her alter'd Fate,
Serene, tho' ferious, when dread Tidings come
(Ah wretched *Guilford!*) of her instant Doom.
Sun, hide thy Beams; in Clouds as black as Night
Thy Face involve; be guiltless of the Sight;

Or

Or haste more swiftly to the Western Main;
Nor let her Blood the conscious Day-light stain.

Oh how severe! to fall so new a Bride,
Yet blushing from the Priest; in youthful Pride;
When Time had just matur'd each perfect Grace,
And open'd all the Wonders of her Face!
To leave her *Guilford* dead to all Relief,
Fond of his Woe, and obstinate in Grief.
Unhappy Fair! whatever Fancy drew,
(Vain promis'd Blessings!) vanish from her View;
No Train of cheerful Days, endearing Nights,
No sweet Domestick Joys, and chaste Delights;
Pleasures that blossom ev'n from Doubts, and Fears,
And Bliss, and Rapture rising out of Cares;
No little *Guilford*, with paternal Grace,
Lull'd on her Knee, or smiling in her Face,
Who, when her dearest Father shall return,
From pouring Tears on her untimely Urn,

Might

Might comfort to his Silver Hairs impart,
And fill her Place in his Indulgent Heart:
As where Fruits fall, quick rising Blossoms smile,
And the blest'd *Indian* of his Care beguile.

In vain these various Reasons jointly press,
To blacken Death, and heighten her Distress,
She thro' th' encircling Terrors darts her Sight,
To the blest'd Regions of eternal Light,
And fills her Soul with Peace; to weeping Friends
Her Father and her Lord she recommends;
Unmov'd her Self; her Foes her Air survey,
And rage to see their Malice thrown away.
She soars; now nought on Earth detains her Care —
But *Guilford*; who still struggles for his Share.
Still will his Form importunately rise,
Clog, and retard her Transport to the Skies;
As trembling Flames now take a feeble Flight,
Now catch the Brand with a returning Light.

Thus

14 *The Force of* RELIGION; *or,*

Thus her Soul onward, for the Seats above,
Falls fondly back, and kindles into Love:
At length she conquers in the doubtful Field;
That Heaven she seeks, will be her *Guilford's* Shield,
Now Death is welcome; his Approach is slow;
'Tis tedious longer to expect the Blow.

Oh! Mortals, short of Sight, who think the past
O'erblown Misfortune, still shall prove the last:
Alas! Misfortunes travel in a Train,
And oft in Life form one perpetual Chain;
Fear buries Fear, and Ills on Ills attend,
'Till Life and Sorrow meet one common End.

She thinks that she has nought but Death to fear,
And Death is conquer'd. Worse than Death is near.
Her rigid Tryals are not yet complete,
The News arrives of her great Father's Fate.
She sees his hoary Head all white with Age,
A Victim to th' offended Monarch's Rage.

How

How great the Mercy, had she breath'd her last,
E'er the dire Sentence on her Father past!

A fonder Parent Nature never knew,
And as his Age increas'd, his Fondness grew.
A Parent's Love ne'er better was bestow'd,
The pious Daughter in her Heart o'erflow'd.
And can she from all Weakness still refrain?
And still the Firmness of her Soul maintain?
Impossible! a Sigh will force its Way;
One patient Tear her mortal Birth betray;
She sighs and weeps, but so she weeps and sighs,
As silent Dews descend, and Vapours rise.

Celestial Patience! How dost thou defeat
The Foe's proud Menace, and elude his Hate?
While Passion takes his Part, betrays our Peace;
To Death and Torture swells each slight Disgrace;

D

By

16 *The Force of RELIGION; or,*

By not opposing, Thou dost Ills destroy,
And wear thy conquer'd Sorrows into Joy.

Now she revolves within her anxious Mind,
What Woe still lingers in reserve behind.
Griefs rise on Griefs, and she can see no Bound,
While Nature lasts, and can receive a Wound.
The Sword is drawn; the Queen to Rage inclin'd,
By Mercy, nor by Piety confin'd.
What Mercy can the Zealot's Heart assuage,
Whose Piety it self converts to Rage?
She thought, and sigh'd. And now the Blood began
To leave her beauteous Cheek all cold and wan.
New Sorrow dimm'd the Lustre of her Eye,
And on her Cheek the fading Roses die.
Alas! should *Guilford* too— when now she's brought
To that dire View, that Precipice of Thought;

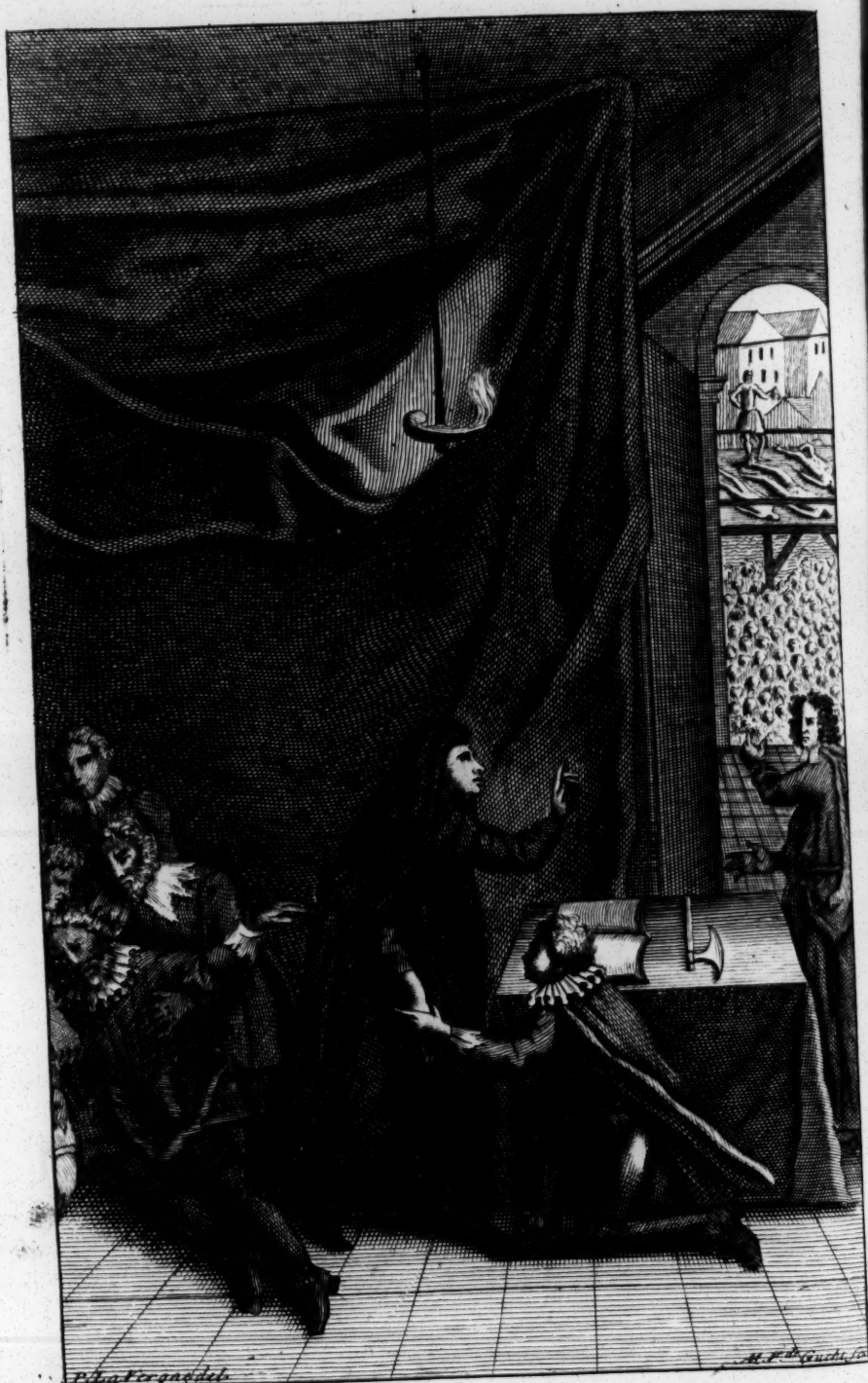
While

While there she trembling stands, nor dares look down,
Nor can recede, 'till Heaven's Decrees are known.
Cure of all Ills, 'till now, her Lord appears,
But not to cheer her Heart, and dry her Tears:
Not now, as usual, like the rising Day,
To chase the Shadows, and the Damps away:
But, like a gloomy Storm, at once to sweep
And plunge her to the Bottom of the Deep.
Black were his Robes, dejected was his Air,
His Voice was frozen by his cold Despair;
Slow, like a Ghost, he mov'd with solemn Pace,
A dying Paleness fate upon his Face.
Back she recoil'd, she smote her lovely Breast,
Her Eyes the Anguish of her Heart confess'd;
Struck to the Soul, she stagger'd with the Wound,
And sunk a breathless Image to the Ground.

Thus the fair Lily, when the Sky's o'ercast,
At first but shudders in the feeble Blast ;
But when the Winds, and weighty Rains descend,
The fair and upright Stem is forc'd to bend ;
'Till broke at length, its snowy Leaves are shed,
And strow with dying Sweets their native Bed.









THE
F O R C E
O F
R E L I G I O N:
O R,
Vanquish'd Love.

B O O K II.

Hic Pietatis honos? sic nos in Sceptra reponis? Virg.

TELL me, fair Cecil, (who should better tell,
Than You, in whom resembling Beauties dwell?)
Where, for that Moment, fled the brighter Grace,
The Bloom, and sprightly Lustre of her Face?

Say,

22 *The Force of RELIGION; or,*

Say, loiter'd it Below, and humbly chose
To make the Lily fair, and flush the Rose?
Or did it mount to Heav'n, from whence it came,
And there with Ease assume an Angel's Name?

But rather say, where pleas'd her Soul to rove;
Sought it the glorious Martyrs crown'd above?
Or did it Here its airy Being spread,
Hov'ring in Fondness o'er her *Guilford's* Head?
Guilford, who clasps her beautiful in Death,
And with a Kiss recalls her fleeting Breath.
To Tapers thus, which by a Blast expire,
A lighted Taper touch'd, restores the Fire.
She rear'd her swimming Eye, and saw the Light,
And *Guilford* too, or she had loath'd the Sight.
Her Father's Death she bore, despis'd her own,
But now she must, she will have Leave to groan:
Ah! *Guilford*, she began, and would have spoke,
But Sobs rush'd in, and ev'ry Accent broke,

Reason

Reason itself, as Gusts of Passion blew,
Was ruffled in the Tempest, and withdrew.

So the Youth lost his Image in the Well,
When Tears upon the yielding Surface fell :
The scatter'd Features slid into Decay,
And spreading Circles drove his Face away.

To touch the soft Affections, and controul
The manly Temper of the bravest Soul,
What with afflicted Beauty can compare,
And Drops of Love, distilling from the Fair?
It melts us down; our Pains delight bestow,
And we with Fondness languish o'er our Woe.

This *Guilford* prov'd, and with Excess of Pain,
And Pleasure too, did to his Bosom strain
The weeping Fair. Sunk deep in soft Desire,
Indulg'd his Love, and nurs'd the raging Fire.
Then tore himself away, and standing wide,
As fearing a Relapse of Fondness, cry'd,

E

With

24 *The Force of RELIGION; or,*

With ill-dissembled Grief; “ My Life, forbear,
“ You wound your *Guilford* with each cruel Tear.
“ Did you not chide my Grief? repress your own;
“ Nor want Compassion for your self alone.
“ Have you beheld how from the distant Main,
“ The thronging Waves rowl on a num’rous Train,
“ And foam and bellow, ’till they reach the Shore,
“ There burst their noisy Pride, and are no more?
“ Thus the successive Flows of human Race,
“ Chac’d by the coming, the preceding Chace;
“ They found, and swell, their haughty Heads they
“ Then fall, and flatten, break, and disappear. (rear,
“ Life is a Trifle we must shortly pay,
“ And where’s the mighty Lucre of a Day?
“ Why should you mourn my Fate? ’Tis most un-
“ Your own you bore with an unshaken Mind; kind;
“ And which can you imagine was the Dart
“ That drank most Blood, sunk deepest in my Heart?
“ I cannot live without you, and my Doom
“ I meet with Joy, to share one common Tomb.—
“ And

“ And are again your Tears profusely spilt !
“ Oh ! then my Kindness blackens to my Guilt ;
“ It foils itself, if it recal your Pain ;
“ Life of my Life, I beg you to refrain ;
“ The Load which Fate imposes, you increase,
“ And help *Maria* to destroy my Peace.

But oh ! against himself his Labour turn'd ;
The more He comforted, the more She mourn'd ;
Compassion swells our Grief, Words soft and kind,
But sooth our Weakness, and dissolve the Mind :
Her Sorrow flow'd in Streams, nor Hers alone,
While That he blam'd, he yielded to his own.
Where are the Smiles she wore, when she so late
Hail'd him, great Partner of the Regal State ;
When orient Gems around her Temples blaz'd,
And bending Nations on the Glory gaz'd ?

But there's a sure Vicissitude below
Of Light and Darkness, Happiness and Woe ;

26 *The Force of* RELIGION ; *or,*

The Dawn of Day is an Approach to Night,
And Grief is the Conclusion of Delight.

'Tis now the Queen's Command, they both retreat
To weep with Dignity, and mourn in State:
She forms the decent Misery with Joy,
And loads with Pomp the Wretch she would destroy.
A spacious Hall is hung with Black, all Light
Shut out, and Noon-day darken'd into Night.
From the Mid-roof a Lamp depends on high,
Like a dim Crescent in a clouded Sky.
It sheds a quiv'ring melancholy Gloom,
Which only shews the Darknefs of the Room.
A shining Ax is on the Table laid,
A dreadful Sight, and glitters thro' the Shade.

In this sad Scene the Lovers are confin'd;
A Scene of Terrors to a guilty Mind!
A Scene that wou'd have damp'd with rising Cares,
And quite extinguish'd ev'ry Love but theirs.

What

What can they do? They fix their mournful Eyes,

Then *Guilford* thus abruptly ; “ I despise

“ An Empire lost, I fling away the Crown ;

“ Numbers have laid that bright Delusion down :

“ But where's the *Charles*, or *Dioclesian* where,

“ Could quit the Blooming, Wedded, Weeping Fair ?

“ Oh to dwell ever on thy Lip! to stand

“ In full Possession of thy snowy Hand!

“ And thro' th' unclouded Chrystal of thy Eye,

“ The heav'nly Treasures of thy Mind to spie!

“ 'Till Rapture Reason happily destroys,

“ And my Soul wanders thro' immortal Joys!

“ Give me the World, and ask me where's my Bliss,

“ I clasp thee to my Breast, and answer *This*.

“ And shall the Grave--- He groans, and can no
(more,
But all her Charms in Silence traces o'er ;

Her Lip, her Cheek, and Eye, to Wonder wrought,

And wond'ring sees in sad presaging Thought,

From that fair Neck, that World of Beauty fall,

And rowl along the Dust, a ghastly Ball

Oh!

Oh! let those tremble who are greatly blest'd!
 For who but *Guilford*, could be thus distress'd?
 Come hither, all you Happy, all you Great,
 From flow'ry Meadows, and from Rooms of State;
 Nor think I call, your Pleasures to destroy,
 But to refine, and to exalt your Joy;
 Weep not, but smiling fix your ardent Care
 On nobler Titles, than the *Brave* or *Fair*.

Was ever such a mournful moving Sight?
 See, if you can, by that dim, trembling Light;
 Now they embrace; and mix'd in bitter Woe,
 Like *Isis*, and her *Thames*, one Stream they flow.
 Now they start wide; fix'd in benumbing Care,
 They stiffen into Statues of Despair.
 Now tenderly severe, and fiercely kind,
 They rush at once, they fling their Cares behind,
 And clasp, as if to Death; new Vows repeat,
 And quite wrap'd up in Love, forget their Fate.

A short Delusion ! for the raging Pain
Returns, and their poor Hearts must bleed again.

So when fierce Tempests the rough Ocean swell'd,
Two friendly Vessels once these Eyes beheld;
Now run in Circles, in a Line now fly,
Now reel, now sleep, now sink, now hang on high;
Thus, with Variety of Terror, press
Through all the dreadful Changes of Distress.

Mean Time, the QUEEN new Cruelty decree'd;
But ill-content that they should only bleed,
A Priest is sent, who with insidious Art,
Instils his Poyson into *Suffolk's* Heart;
And *Guilford* drank it, hanging on the Breast;
He from his Childhood was with *Rome* possess'd.
When now the Ministers of Death draw nigh,
And in her dearest Lord she first must die,
The subtle Priest, who long had watch'd to find
The most unguarded Passes of her Mind,

Bespoke

30 *The Force of RELIGION; or,*

Bespoke her thus. “ Grieve not; ’tis in your Pow’r
“ Your Lord to rescue from this fatal Hour.
Her Bosom pants; she draws her Breath with Pain;
A sudden Horror thrills thro’ ev’ry Vein;
Life seems suspended, on his Words Intent;
And her Soul trembles for the great Event.

The Priest proceeds: “ Embrace the Faith of *Rome*,
“ And ward your own, your Lord’s, and Father’s
Doom.
Ye blessed Spirits! now your Charge sustain;
The past was Ease; now first she suffers Pain.
Must she pronounce her Father’s Death? must she
Bid *Guilford* bleed? it must not, cannot be.
It cannot be! But ’tis the Christian’s Praise,
Above Impossibilities to raise
The Weakness of our Nature, and deride
Of vain Philosophy the boasted Pride.
What tho’ our feeble Sinews scarce impart
A Moment’s Swiftneſs to the feather’d Dart;
Though

Though tainted Air our vigorous Youth can break,
And a chill Blast the hardy Warrior shake,
Yet are we Strong: Hear the loud Tempest roar
From East to West, and call us Weak no more;
The Lightning's unresisted Force proclaims
Our Might; and Thunders raise our humble Names.
'Tis Our J E H O V A H fills the Heav'ns; as long
As He shall reign Almighty, We are Strong:
We, by Devotion, borrow from his Throne,
And almost make Omnipotence our own:
We force the Gates of Heav'n by fervent Prayer,
And call forth Triumphs out of Man's Despair.

Our lovely Mourner kneeling, lifts her Eyes
And bleeding Heart in Silence to the Skies,
Devoutly sad— Then bright'ning, like the Day,
When sudden Winds sweep scatter'd Clouds away,
Shining in Majesty 'till now unknown,
And breathing Life and Spirit scarce her own;
She, rising, speaks. “ If these the Terms—

F

Here

Here *Guilford*, cruel *Guilford*, (barb'rous Man!
 Is this thy Love?) as swift as Lightning ran;
 O'erwhelm'd her with tempestuous Sorrow fraught,
 And stifled, in its Birth, the mighty Thought:
 Then, bursting fresh into a Flood of Tears,
 Fierce, resolute, delirious with his Fears,
 His Fears for her alone: He beat his Breast,
 And thus the Fervour of his Soul exprest.

“ Oh! let thy Thought o'er our past Converse rove,

“ And shew one Moment uninflam'd with Love!

“ Oh! if thy Kindness can no longer last,

“ In Pity to thy self, forget the past!

“ Else wilt thou never, void of Shame and Fear,

“ Pronounce his Doom, whom thou hast held so dear.

“ Thou, who hast took me to thy Arms, and swore

“ Empires were vile, and Fate could give no more;

“ That to continue, was its utmost Pow'r,

“ And make the future like the present Hour.

“ Now

" Now call a Ruffian; bid his cruel Sword
 " Lay wide the Bosom of thy worthless Lord;
 " Transfix his Heart, (since you its Love disclaim)
 " And stain his Honour with a Traytor's Name.
 " This might perhaps be born without Remorse;
 " But sure a Father's Pangs will have their Force.
 " Shall his good Age, so near its Journey's End,
 " Through cruel Torment to the Grave descend?
 " His shallow Blood all issue at a Wound,
 " Wash a Slave's Feet, and smooke upon the Ground?
 " But he to you has ever been severe;
 " Then take your Vengeance—— *Suffolk* now drew
 Bending beneath the Burden of his Care; ^{(near;}
 His Robes neglected, and his Head was bare;
 Decrepit Winter, in the yearly Ring,
 Thus slowly creeps, to meet the blooming Spring.
 Downward he cast a melancholy Look;
 Thrice turn'd, to hide his Grief; then faintly spoke.
 " Now deep in Years, and forward in Decay,
 " That *Ax* can only rob me of a Day:

34 *The Force of RELIGION; or,*

“ For thee, my Soul’s Desire, I can’t refrain;
“ And shall my Tears, my last Tears flow in vain?
“ When you shall know a Mother’s tender Name,
“ My Heart’s Distress, no longer will you blame.
At this, afar his bursting Groans were heard;
The Tears ran trickling down his Silver Beard:
He snatch’d her Hand, which to his Lips he prest,
And bid her plant a Dagger in his Breast;
Then, sinking, call’d her Piety unjust,
And foil’d his hoary Temples in the Dust.

Hard-hearted Men! will you no Mercy know;
Has the Queen brib’d you to distress her Foe?
O weak Deferters to Misfortune’s Part,
By false Affection thus to pierce her Heart!
When she had soar’d, to let your Arrows fly,
And fetch her bleeding from the middle Sky?
And can her Virtue, springing from the Ground,
Her Flight recover, and disdain the Wound,

When

When cleaving Love, and human Interest, bind
The broken Force of her aspiring Mind?
As round the gen'rous Eagle, which in vain
Exerts her Strength, the Serpent wreaths his Train,
Her struggling Wings entangles, curling plies
His pois'nous Tail, and stings her as she flies.

While yet the Blow's first dreadful Weight she feels,
And with its Force her Resolution reels;
Large Doors, unfolding with a mournful Sound,
To View discover, weltring on the Ground,
Three headless Trunks of those, whose Arms main-
And in her Wars Immortal Glory gain'd. (tain'd,
The lifted Ax assur'd her ready Doom,
And silent Mourners sadden'd all the Room.
Shall I proceed, or here break off my Tale,
Nor Truths, to stagger Human Faith, reveal?

She met this utmost Malice of her Fate
With Christian Dignity, and pious State.

The

36 *The Force of RELIGION; or,*

The beating Storm's propitious Rage she blest,
And all the Martyr triumph'd in her Breast.
Her Lord and Father, for a Moment's Space,
She strictly folded in her soft Embrace!

Then thus she spoke, while Angels heard on high,
And sudden Gladness smil'd along the Sky.

- " Your Over-fondness has not mov'd my Hate;
" I am well pleas'd you make my Death so great.
" I joy I cannot save you, and have giv'n
" Two Lives, much dearer than my own, to Heav'n,
" If so the Queen decrees. But I have Cause
" To hope my Blood will satisfy the Laws;
" And there is Mercy still, for you, in Store:
" With me the Bitterness of Death is o'er.
" He shot his Sting in that Farewel-Embrace;
" And all, that is to come, is Joy and Peace.
" Then let mistaken Sorrow be suppress'd,
" Nor seem to envy my approaching Rest.

Then,

Then, turning to the Ministers of Fate,
She, smiling, says, "My Victory compleat :
" And tell your Queen, I thank her for the Blow,
" And grieve my Gratitude I cannot show :
" A poor Return I leave in *England's* Crown,
" For Everlasting Pleasure, and Renown.
" Her Guilt alone allays this Happy Hour ;
" Her Guilt, the only Vengeance in her Pow'r.

Her Lord and Father view, with Transport fill'd,
Their utmost Efforts to her Virtue yield ;
Her firm Resistance, flush'd with Shame, approve,
With Joy exulting, while they die with Love.
Not *Rome*, untouch'd with Sorrow, heard her Fate ;
And fierce *Maria* pity'd her too late.

Thus to bright C E C I L I presume to sing,
While *Britain* serves a Greater than a King ;

To

To vindicate her Sex, and Man chasteife,
 Who dreams himself alone, or good, or wise.
 To what an Height this Female-Martyr rose,
 And number'd Life and Love among her Foes;
 While Man, Apostate to his better Thought,
 Against his Wishes impotently fought?
 Our *British* Fair, ye Loves, and Graces, lead
 Through ev'ry Grove, o'er ev'ry verdant Mead;
 On ev'ry Hill and Vale let CECIL tread,
 That Flowers may spring, to strow the lovely Dead.
 Ye Lilies, dip your Bells in whiter Snow;
 Ye Roses, with a richer Scarlet glow,
 To deck her Sacred Tomb: Bless'd Shade, receive
 These late, but earnest Honours paid thy Grave;
 Nor deem it, most Esteem'd, a slight Respect,
 When living Wonders we for thee neglect;
 When to thy Dust our zealous Harp is strung,
 While Blooming CECIL's Self remains unsung.

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